

BRING YOUR  
HAY AND GRAIN  
To  
MacCrimmon

# THE CHRONICLE.

D. A. MacCrimmon  
MONEY  
TO LOAN  
On Real Estate.

VOL. I. NO. 41.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1908.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

## LETHBRIDGE COAL TABER COAL BANKHEAD COAL At JAS. A. SUTHERLAND.

### THE TOGGERY.

SEE DAVE

#### Gloves

All Kinds, From Canvas at 2 pairs for 25c to Buckskin at \$2.50

Suits to Order, From \$16 up to \$30

SUITS PRESSED

**D. G. HARVIE.**

## CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

### Sale Extended for Another Week.

Who Says I cannot sell Lumber at a

#### GREAT REDUCTION

In price again. Here It Goes. For another week commencing October 3rd to the 10th inst. Everybody is invited to this week's sale. First Class Stock and plenty of it. Come and see for yourself.

6 in. Shiplap, \$20 per 1000

2 x 4, 2 x 6 and 2 x 8, \$21 per 1000

No. 2 Boards, Hemlock or Cedar \$16 per 1000

The above prices are strictly cash when taken away

## Crossfield Lumber Yard

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

## Ontkes & Armstrong.

### General Merchandise and Hardware

#### HARDWARE

We now have a full and complete line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Stoves, Washing Machines and Wringers

#### CLOTHING

#### Our FIT-RITE CLOTHING

Is now on our shelves. All of the Latest Cuts and newest patterns

#### GROCERIES

We are now offering—

New evaporated Apricots at \$3.75 per case  
New evaporated Peaches at 3.75 per case

#### FRESH FRUITS

Peaches at \$1.15 per case

Plums at \$1.15 per case

Prunes at \$1.15 per case

### M. S. McCarthy Has Large and Enthusiastic Meetings.

Mr. McCarthy, M. P., has held three very successful meetings this week. On Monday at Carstairs, Tuesday at Crossfield and Wednesday at Airdrie.

The meeting in Crossfield was well attended and enthusiastic was held in the School Hall. On the motion of Mr. McEachern, Mr. McCarthy was called to the chair.

Mr. Magee said it would be well to such a meeting could be got right in the busy season. They had been troubled by the vile insinuations of the Albertan which was apparently willing to do anything to destroy Mr. McCarthy's good name.

The Albertan had forgotten that in May 1907 they said: "Eastern newspapers are discussing a western Conservative leader. They refer to Mr. Routledge of Manitoba and Mr. Haultain leading the opposition in Saskatchewan."

"And they never say anything about our own Matlaid Stewart McCarthy, a better man than either of the two mentioned."

"Though Mr. Roblin has had a long experience in politics it has been of the kind that should make him undesirable rather than desirable. Rightly or wrongly there is a suspicion that Mr. McCarthy is a gentleman of good connections and no man can say a word against him."

"Mr. McCarthy has not had the experience of Mr. Harting, but he is a much more energetic man than the leader of the opposition in Saskatchewan. He is a born politician with the winning way and the glad hand down to a science which must not be despised in this day of practical politics. He is more than that; he has a spotless reputation, a genius for work, ability to do and as intimated before he is wise in his day and generation using the glad hand with which effect both at election time and in the dog days. With him election time is all the time."

"To our way of thinking, Mr. McCarthy is a much more acceptable man than either Mr. Roblin or Mr. Haultain and more than that he is on the ground and in possession."

"It is argued that Mr. McCarthy has had little experience; no one need worry about that. He will have many years of experience before he is needed as a cabinet minister of a Conservative government."

"When time comes for a Conservative leader in a Conservative government we shall advocate Mr. McCarthy strenuously if we are alive at that time."

He then called upon Mr. McCarthy to give them a résumé of his work during the four years that he had represented them in Ottawa.

Mr. McCarthy who was very well received said he was glad to see such a large attendance. It was the largest meeting he had addressed in the town and was an evidence of the progress of the town and of their interest in the problems of the day. He had been criticized for not coming to the district officer but he had only been at home four weeks in the past nine months and had done his best to get into all parts of his constituency. There must be two parties and he did not abuse the liberals. He tried to represent the constituency irrespective of party policies. He would ask them to remember certain acts of mal-administration by the Liberal party.

The Liberal policy was supposed to be that of lower taxes. It was so far as and if Dr. Stewart and Dr. Clark were serious they had lost a golden opportunity when the Liberals sent the Tariff Commission to Calgary as they had never said a word in favor of a lower tariff before that commission.

If the doctor advocated Free Trade on the floor of the Commons as actively as he did before the Commission which was composed of his own friends, Hon. W. Findley, Minister of Finance, Hon. W. Patterson, Minister of Customs, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries and Hon. W. Ferguson, Minister of Inland Revenue, he was afraid they would not be far ahead.

Regarding railway competition the Liberals had said that he was bound

### Remarkable Yield of Wheat.

#### 66 1/4 BUSHELS OF WHEAT TO ACRE.

The Declaration which was made by P. A. McNally before a Justice of the Peace last week regarding the record yield of wheat which he got on his farm near here has called forth considerable comment and a great run was made on last week's issue of this paper containing the copy of the declaration. The usual issue was insufficient to supply the demand for copies, we therefore reprint the declaration this week. It is as follows:

"I, P. A. McNally, of the Village of Crossfield, in the Province of Alberta, Farmer,

Declare and say as follows:

"That during the year 1908, I, P. A. McNally aforesaid Threshed 596 1/10 bushels of Alberta Red Fall Wheat on Nine (9) acres of ground, which same wheat graded No. One (1); average per acre 66 1/4 bushels.

Declared Before Me at the Village of Crossfield, in the Province of Alberta, this 22nd day of September, A. D. 1908,

JNO. S. DAVIE

A Justice of Peace in and for the Province of Alberta.

P. A. McNally.

As we said last week comment on the above is unnecessary. The yield is remarkable one especially considering that Mr. McNally is not one of the most experienced farmers in Alberta, but he has worked his land and his industry has been rewarded. Mr. McNally had 27 acres in crop and after keeping back seed for next year, he sold the balance of his crop for a sum which averaged up \$0.30 for each acre under crop. Good land can be got from \$15 an acre and one crop like this would pay for the land twice over.

hand and foot to the C. P. R. but he was not bound to that or any other corporation.

When the Laurier Administration came into power in 1896 there were 11,000 men employed in Canada, 13,000 in 1900. Most of these afterwards were brought under the Conservatives administration and only 3000 under the Liberals. The V. Y. & E. railway was in B. C. and he would leave that for the moment and try Southern Alberta first. Since 1896 with Laurier, with a majority of say 50 or 60 came into power, they could not point to much in the way of railway construction that had been done. What railway have they had built except an extension of the Crow's Nest Pass and also a new and another line [The Alberta Irrigation Co.]

The Albertan's story of his opposition to the V. Y. & E. (Vancouver, Victoria & Eastern) Railway he characterized as absolutely false. This line was in B. C. and not within 300 miles of his borders.

The line J. J. Hill wanted was one from Midway to Vancouver and the difficulty was that he wanted to cross the International Boundary half a dozen times and would have terminus in the U.S., taking this country and carrying the goods from the frontier lines here over the line to the smelters in the area of Washington.

In the Bally Railway Committee of the House of Commons which was composed of 150 members, he had not voted against the granting of a charter to the V. Y. & E. nor had he ever voted

(Continued on page three.)

### EAST BEAVERDAM

Have you subscribed yet?

J. B. McNeil recently sold a fine bunch of steers to Dick Walsh.

Willard Graham is running the new Case engine for Gross Bros., East of Crossfield.

They say the sun always shines in Alberta, but it has been shining behind the clouds for the past week. Rather damp weather for stock threshing.

Chas. Kell has just finished threshing 60 acres of winter wheat which averaged 35 bushel per acre. What is the matter with Beaverdams.

There will be a raffle of about 50 fine bushels held at the Sampson Post Office on Oct. 17th at 2 p. m. Everybody come and get a fine roast for Thanksgiving.

T. S. Gooch and Ernie Todd made a business trip to Calgary last week, their object being to prove up on their homesteads.

Chas. Bolton was in this district buying hogs last week. He expects to ship a carload from Crossfield on the 30th.

D. K. Fike is threshing for Arthur Morin at present.

Don't forget to come to Sampsonton 17. Bring your guns and ammunition along.

Mr. McNichol threshed some of fine hoggs as is raised anywhere. It weighs 600 lbs per bushel.

The man we want to vote for this fall for Member of Parliament is the man that will work to the best interest of the people by doing all he can to get the indemnity for loss by hail raised.

Collins Bros. are building an addition to their house.

Rambler.

Note.—Our correspondent has forgotten that the Hail Insurance indemnity is a Provincial matter and the candidates for the Dominion House will not be able to do anything along this line.

Everybody is buying town lots now-a-days. We have a few good residence lots left at \$50 \$75 and \$100 only 1/2 cash required. See us at once.

Hulgren & Davis.  
Real Estate Agents.

### LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes,	per bushel,	\$0.60
Wheat, No. 1, red, bush.	73 c.	
Wheat, No. 2, per bush.	70 c.	
Wheat, No. 3,	67 c.	
Wheat, No. 4,	55 c.	
Wheat, No. 5,	50 c.	
Flax	90 c.	
Oats	25 c.	
Barley	30 c.	
Eggs	26 c.	
Butter	18 c.	
Hogs, live weight	\$4.75	
Cattle, live weight	10 c. to 34	
Cows, live weight	2 to 3	
Mutton	8c.	

## BUSINESS GIRLS LOSE STRENGTH

**They Risk Health Rather Than  
Lose Employment and Eventually Break Down.**

Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn their livelihood from day to day in public offices, and large business establishments are silent suffering victims of overtaxed nerves and deficiencies of health. Well-breathing girls, because they work against time, with never a rest when headaches and backaches make every hour like a day, little time for sleep, and lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin; their eyes are dull and shrunk, and beauty slowly but surely fades. Married girls and maidens, because they work harder, worry, look older than their years. They are frequently ill and the frequent remedy is to carry them through the dr. Dr. William Fink Pills are like actual food to the starved nerves and tired brain of the busines girl. By making rich, nutritious, easily digestible, the art of health that girls need to preserve their health and their good looks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits, and make them look younger.

Miss Alexandra Bedard, a stenographer residing at 36 Ritchie St., Calgary says: "For the past two years my health and constitution have gradually undermined through constant indoor work, and the great tax on my nervous system, the long, lonely hours spent at my typewriter. But it was only some six months ago that the climax came when one afternoon I lost consciousness through extreme exhaustion."

The real secret of the decline of my condition was then pathetically apparent, as I was confined to my room, lacking even the strength to move. I was attended by a doctor, but his care showed no signs of improvement. It was at this stage that one evening I met a woman who had a young girl whose case bore a resemblance to mine, by the use of Dr. William's Pink Pills. I began the use of these pills, not knowing then to attribute my complete recovery entirely to them. I had not taken more than three doses when I began to get better, and after taking the pills for about a month I felt as strong and was enjoying as good health as ever in my life.

Now, get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brooklyn, Out.

**He—But the worst of you Americans is that you have no leisure classes.**

Indeed we have. We call them tramps!—English paper.

**It is Wise to Prevent Disorders.** Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing satisfactorily, a bottle of Dr. Williams' Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and cathartics are too frequently used in pills that no other preparation could be so effective as these.

This would be a better world if the average citizen took as intelligent an interest in politics as he does in baseball.—Chicago News.

**The source of all intestinal troubles** is the common house fly; his buzz is the first symptom of typhoid. Will kill 'em fast!—English paper.

"Life is cheap in Afghanistan." "By the roads there are too rough for motoring."—Kansas City Journal.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Distempers.**

Perkins (at midnight, as he sees burglar climbing up ladder to second story window)—Hey, there! Look out for the party!—Life.

Endurance (a stout, gaudy admiring minister at horse races of small but distinguished clerical)—What a jockey he'd ave made. Some parents never seem to know the correct perfession to put their boys to.—Planet.

Silas—a college man, has improved Horatio's boy—a college lot.

Himself—This right here, Silas. Why, when that boy gets to talkin' I just have to shut my eyes to think it's a regular book agent.—Puck.

## THE MAD DUCHESS.

Lady Catherine Hyde and Her Eccentricities of Dress.

Lady Catherine Hyde was the third daughter of Henry, second earl of Rochester, and the first earl of Clarendon, and a great-granddaughter of Edward, the first and famous earl of Clarendon. \* \* \* One of the strongest of her caprices was to be unlike other people, and she succeeded admirably in this aim. Being brought up in a house where "La Soubrette" Horace Walpole, more bluntly, called her "The Mad Duchess," this oddity was specially displayed in her dress. In 1747, after a good deal of intriguing, she had obtained permission to appear again at court in her Horace Walpole's style. Lord Balfour said that she presented herself there in a gown and petticoat of red fannel. Making all allowances for male ignorance on such a subject as Walpole's tendencies, we may suppose a story is to be told about that sitz-upon-the-couches, the countess in her costume. She was fond of wearing an apron and appeared in one at court after this garment had been forbidden at the royal drawing rooms. Her entrance being opposed by one of the lords, she took off, threw it in his face and walked on. Baron Nash on a similar occasion took the law into his own hands, for when she attempted to enter the ballroom at Bath wearing an apron he stopped her, and she left him, obnoxious to all the ladies outside, observing that none but Abigail appeared to be deeply interested—"all that you are, I repeat, you owe to hereditary and I repeat, you owe to her fancy as she grows older to disregard the changes of fashion and to adhere closely to the principles of virtue, bringing red with indignation." "I never had no dealin' with that firm in my life, and I don't own them or anybody else a cent!"—Chicago Tribune.

## THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Influences That Draw It From Its Alleviations.

Nothing in the nautical equipment of a ship has been the subject of more anxious research or receives more jealous care than the mariner's compass.

The regular motion of the compass needs always pointing north and south is well, more inaccurate than even popular notions usually are. Even under the most favorable conditions there are only certain places upon the surface of the globe where the compass needs direct point north and south, and it is quite safe to say that such conditions are never found on board of any ship.

But we must go further and say that no more unfavorable position could be found for a compass than on board a modern steamship, which is a complicated mass of steel, all tending to draw the compass needle from its allegiance to the magnetic pole of the earth, wounding influences which must have been compensated by a series of devices which hedge round the instrument by an invincible wall of conflicting currents of magnetism.

And as if this were not enough there are now no gyres to be reckoned among the producing electric currents for all sorts of purposes on board. In the midst of these mystic currents the poor little compass needle, upon which the mariner depends for his guide across the trackless deep, hangs suspended by one trembling salutus surrounded by regions of devil.

**Martian Life.**

A sadder interest attaches to such existence—that it is, cosmically speaking, a nonentity, passing away. To our eventual descendants on Mars it will no longer be something to scan and interpret. It will have lapsed beyond the hope of study or recall. Thus to us it takes on an added glamour from the fact that it has not long to last. And the last days of the planet in the present case must go on to the bitter end until the last spark of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly, but surely, time will snuff it out. And when the last spark of the distinguished planet will roll a dead world through space, its evolutionary career forever ended.—Professor Lowell.

Dodds' Bills. Who, having obtained an honest bill for the medicine, will wish to have particulars of the doctor's "professional services"? Imagine a bill made up with such nicety as this: "To coming pulse, size of a man's thumb, to the nose, to asking four questions (three irrelevant, four personal); to telling patients to say 'nippy-nine,' eight pennies; to medicine, 1s. 6d.; to bottle, twopence; to label, 1 penny; total, 2s. 6d."—Yorkshire Observer.

No Food at All. "Lady," began Hungry Higgins, "I'd like you for a meal." "Ah!" responded the bright housekeeper. "You're one of these after dinner speakers."

"Not exactly, lady, or I wouldn't be so hungry. I ain't got much as a chestnut about me"—Catholic Standard and Times.

## THE GREY NUNS & ZAM-BUK

Leading Institutions use this Balm.

Most of the leading institutions throughout Canada have adopted Zam-Buk as a standard preparation without equal for skin diseases and injuries, burns, blood poison, etc.

From the Provincial Asylum Ottawa comes the following appreciation of its merits:

"Gentlemen—In the orphans' department of the Asylum we have found Zam-Buk very good for healing cuts, sores, and skin injuries generally, and also succeeds to us to fit such." (Signed) GREY NUNS.

When a mother rubs on the delicate skin of children a salve to heal them, she is giving the child an internal remedy. Zam-Buk balm is animal fat and all mineral matter, and may be applied to even the skin of young babies.

For the head, ears, cure eczema, skin eruptions, ulcers, ringworm, bee, horse's rash, blood poisoning, bad leg, salt rheum, abrasions, abscesses, cuts, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries, and dandruff at 50 cents, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 boxes for \$1.25.

"All that you are, my friend," says the head nurse singling out an elderly man sitting in a front seat, who appears to be deeply interested—"all that you are, I repeat, you owe to hereditary and I repeat, you owe to her fancy as she grows older to disregard the changes of fashion and to adhere closely to the principles of virtue, bringing red with indignation." "I never had no dealin' with that firm in my life, and I don't own them or anybody else a cent!"—Chicago Tribune.

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is advised to take a number of bottles of Dr. D. Kelllogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place may easily bring on an attack of dysentery. He has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearm him can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

The photographic flashlight may put an end to Africa's fame as the Dark Continent!—Washington Star.

The New York American of Dec. 18th, 1907, says the common cold is the greatest enemy of man.

It is a solace scientifically ascertained fact that he is one of the worst disseminators of disease known, and that the mosquito is the chief carrier.

Wilson's Fly Pill will kill many times more flies than any other article.

"Father, what is the curse of wealth?"

"The way a man has to work for it."—Detroit Free Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Gargle.

Cook—My dog took first prize at the cook show.

Hock—How was that?

Cook—He took the dog—the Joural of Zoophy.

Prov. Survey Man Operated Upon.

F. H. Burnham, the Prov. Surveyor, of Laramie, Colo., was successfully operated on for appendicitis, by Dr. F. W. E. Burnham, of Winnipeg.

We ALL LIKE IT.

The end seat hog. Along done, log. Along done, log.

He blocks the working.

And people say.

He blocks the working.

His artifice foot.

The victims greet.

With language terms and acid.

It drives through it all.

It drives through it all.

The end seat hog is placid.

The end seat hog.

Gets men agog.

Asks for the facts and fictions.

Ought he to go?

Well I do!

The end seat hog attractions.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When Animals "Talk."

Silence is not absolutely necessary for the safety of wild animals, says a naturalist who recently spent some time in African forests. Wild animals are not so noisy and "talkative" as we are, but they do talk.

Then the wilder tribes of mankind are not taciturn than the civilized races.

This is mainly due to the lack of social intimacy and nomadic habits.

The only natural cause of the animal's silence is that the creatures have depend mainly upon the sense of smell. They also hunt by night, seizing their prey while asleep.

The chimpanzee frequently breaks the silence by shouting, the grunting or the barking of the elephant and the bellow of the hippopotamus are common. The antelopes also "cry" at night when the leopard hunts them.

## LEARNING TO SWIM.

The Fat Man Who Was a Model of Patience and Perseverance.

Persistence in undertaking is a laudable virtue, but it can be a bit overdone sometimes, as in a case described by Y. L. Molloy in "Our Autumn Holidays." Mr. Molloy and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Molloy, and his friends, longing for a good dive, went to a swimming school on an island in the Seine. They donned their rented costumes and were preparing for the plunge when a man with ropes and rings, and a stick, was tying them about their waists. It was according to police regulations, and although they made an indignant protest, they were obliged to submit.

While we were dressing, says Mr. Molloy, we asked the two swimming masters for an extra lesson.

"Parfait," they replied, "we must attend to our monsieur."

Then we saw that there had come up onto the platform a short and absurdly fat man dressed in bathing costume, carrying a stick and a stick cap.

"Let's see him go," said we.

The swimming masters received the new arrival at the middle of the platform. There he balanced himself on his toes. The master seized him by the hands and held him in place while the fat man swam and did deliberate movements made him strike out with the action of swimming. He kept this up for a quarter of an hour and the perspiration rolled off him in great drops.

"He'll be awfully hot to go into the water after that," said I.

But he did not go into the water. The swimming lesson over, he moved toward the dressing room, saying:

"I have done enough today."

"Are you satisfied, one of the masters?"

"Your progress is admirable."

The fat man leaped with complaint and went in to dress.

I called the swimming masters aside.

"Does 'our monsieur' practice often?"

"Oh, no," replied the chief engineer.

"'Huh! It's too bad your faith isn't of the sort that moves mountains."

THE discomfort of saw-edged linen is not equal to the discomfort of the cloth that causes it.

Celluloid Starch  
Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking  
The Beaufort Starch Works, Limited, Montreal, Canada

Hia Defense.  
The Judge had delivered his opinion of the wife—she was "a woman to say for yourself."

"Your Honor," responded the prisoner, "am I as oray as you make out?"

"You certainly are."

"It wasn't me," continued the prisoner, "I was doing the best I could to fetch me back."

"It is Peary's intention to reach the pole this time or drop out of the game. We should hate to see him do this. He is about the best midmanader reading we know.—Cleveland Leader.

All Druggists, Grocers and general stores sell Wilson's Fly Pads.

"That mountain," said the pessimistic director of the New railroad, seems to have blocked our progress often."

"Oh, no," replied the chief engineer, "we still have faith in our ability to tunnel through it."

"Huh! It's too bad your faith isn't of the sort that moves mountains."

## Undigested Food

When any portion of food remains in the stomach and refuses to pass through the intestines, it is called indigestion. This undigested food irritates and stimulates the sensitive coating of the stomach, while other parts of the body, particularly the head, suffer in consequence.

So long as this undigested food remains in the stomach, the discomfort continues. A few doses of

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

stop all fermentation, sweeten the contents of the stomach and give natural assistance that relieves the stomach of its burden. The use of Beecham's Pills stimulates the stomach nerves and soon restores them to a normal, healthy condition.

Beecham's Pills positively cure all stomach troubles, while their beneficial effects on the liver and kidneys greatly improve the general health.

Beecham's Pills have been used and recommended by the general public for over fifty years.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, Eng. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

## SHREDDED WHEAT

Brain Fog and Tired Nerves Yield to SHREDDED WHEAT

It is a natural food and with milk or cream and fresh fruits is an ideal diet in warm weather.

BRINGS THE GLOW OF HEALTH TO WAN CHEEKS.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

1057

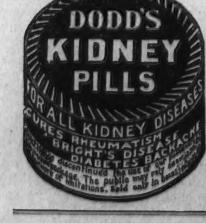
## WHEAT

ALWAYS,  
EVERWHERE IN CANADA,  
ASK FOR

## EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1851—and these 67 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.







# The Phonograph Imp Entertains Billieboy

"GRRR - GRR!"  
G whirled the phonograph,  
as it first does when  
set a-swinging.

But no one had started it. And, as phonographs usually don't play of their own accord, Billieboy jumped down from his chair and said:

"Billieboy! Billieboy! Come here, my Billieboy!" some one sang.

The Billieboy who sang it was so small. He didn't know what he possessed a record for such a song—and that twanging, sing-song tone certainly belonged to the phonograph, not to any creature he'd ever seen.

He rubbed his eyes, blinked and looked hard. It couldn't be yet, it surely couldn't be that the tiny skill imaginable. He must have been an elf lost from a fairy tale, this tiny fellow, who, with the skill of a fly promenading on the ceiling, carelessly

lay held footling inside the phonograph horn.

"Don't stare so, Billieboy; it's no polite to look at the things in them singing voice."

"You ought to say something especially nice, inasmuch as you've been forcing my acquaintance for the past six months."

"I'm your acquaintance!" gasped Billieboy.

"Well, haven't you been admiring my horn? I mean, you've had the chance and haven't you been longing to find out where the sound comes from?" sharply retorted the elf.

"Of course you have. And she's!"

"I've crept up to the side of my home, I've decided to let you see the inside. As for the sound, if you like it, it's no longer a secret. Know this, I, the master of the Phonograph, who makes it. But come, there's lots to see and not a deal of time in which to see it."

Upon the Imp turned, as though expecting Billieboy to follow.

"What's the matter now?" he demanded, as though he saw the boy made no movement.

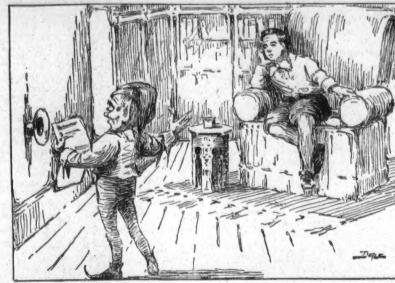
"How can I crawl into such a little place?" asked the bewildered Billieboy.

The Imp breathed hard and seemed about to utter some very wicked words.

"I'm not of all the helpless creatures!" he finally managed to sputter. "If you feel as small as you really ought to feel, you won't have the least difficulty in getting out. But come, here, don't you feel very small and mealy?"

Billieboy, much embarrassed, shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Yes, I suppose so," he muttered. And no sooner was this spoken than he shrank and shrank until he was even smaller than the elf.

Fortunately, there was a chair beside the table upon which the phonograph rested. Up this Billieboy swarmed, until he was on a level



"SANG MUSICALLY INTO THE HORN"

with the horn. The Imp grasped his arm and pulled him along the slippery surface, while Billieboy felt as though he was a fly being dragged into another's set.

At every step the way grew more narrow, until the Imp pushed open a thin round door at the end of the passage, and the two stumbled into a cozy little room.

Billieboy looked around him in amazement. The apartment seemed to be filled with light, because shelves ran all about the room, but, as the Imp shortly explained, the library, for the most part, consisted of vinyl records.

"Would you mind telling me what that is for?" asked the lad, pointing to a brass tube which extended from the horn with a large, flat bell.

"Why, you see," exclaimed the Imp, "you must know a lot about music."

The Imp smiled modestly as he replied:

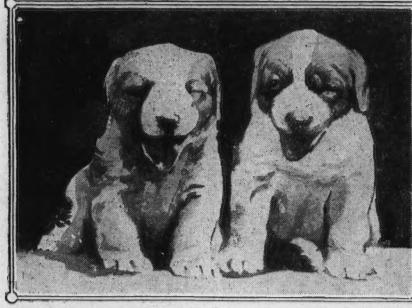
"It's my business, and I have to know it. You see, I can make noise like a whole orchestra, or I can sing duets and quartets with myself quite easily. I know all the tunes so well that I don't have to look at the music scores, but I always take down the books, anyway, in case my memory should happen to fail me."

"I'm not the only man in the world who likes to listen to music," quipped Billieboy quickly to it, the Imp listened intently.



"THE FUNNIEST MANIKIN"

## PLAYFELLOWS



ALTHOUGH the picture shows but in reality there were three of them. But the third was only a boy, and as the two little St. Bernard puppies. The dogs, by the way, are no longer grown ten times as big by now. And

Many a frolic had the three, however, that the doggie playfellows enjoyed themselves best of all, for then they would roll over and over themselves until only the tips of their tails were visible.

Unfortunately, there was a chair beside the table upon which the phonograph rested. Up this Billieboy swarmed, until he was on a level

only his chums. Up the snowy mountain path he climbed, although such ways were forbidden except when unbroken, however, didn't care to have grown-ups with him. And the wind of his chums to share the fun.

But the boy didn't have the fun he expected. While recklessly following the doggies, he was suddenly aware that he was careening down a cleft between walls of ice. Luckily, a protective hand held him back.

There he clung, while his chums harkened to the shrill barking of the dogs. Then one of the wise doggies galloped up to him and barked again.

Not long afterward a party came to the rescue, but it is doubtful if there was any rescue. The boy, who had then, had not the other doggie barked at him, was still clinging to the boy, who, chilled through and through, had the ultimate difficulty in remaining upon the dangerous ledge.

So the three playfellows were rescued. And the boy got a good lesson.

Now, if he had not lost his playfellow, Nor, if he had not run away, will the doggies ever come back again.

When the boy stole away with

## Daddy Stork's Mistake

FOR a long time Clarissa had prayed for a sister—a nice little baby sister, whom she could love and fondle. And the mean old stork had brought her a baby brother that seemed squat and looked ever so crossly at her.

Daddy Stork must have made a mistake, for sure he must; and I do wish he'd take this boy back," said Clarissa impatiently, as she frowned upon her baby brother.

Clarissa did not know how came the sudden, but sudden, she found inside her a radiant angel, clad in gleaming robes of white and wearing a brilliant star above her brow. And the angel, though much smaller, had quite Ridiculously to the little girl.

"There was no mistake. The queen of



"AN ANGEL BESIDE HER"

heaven heard your prayer, and immediately she had a little cherub cease from playing with the stars, and run across to the chamber of souls with a message. Now, this message was that a deformed little baby be selected from among the souls, and be given to the stork messenger. But when we happened to the soul that disturbed the little souls, she commanded this baby sent to you, in order that it might teach you patience and kindness.

"I have just now begun to anything," measured Clarissa through her tears, "and won't you please tell the Queen that I'll be as kind and patient as ever I can? I do feel that my brother is very bad."

Clarissa quickly proved all that Daddy Stork had made no mistake.

## To Stimulate Eyelashes

WHAT woman doesn't want for longer eyelashes? Here's a secret.

"This is one of the details that make a homely woman attractive, and it does seem as though they could be cultivated."

Very often white vaseline rubbed

on with a small brush every night, is a splendid tonic for these much-desired beauties. Keep the eyelashes clean, though, and may reach the points of stubborn lashes, although if the vaseline is fresh and of good quality it cannot hurt the eye. In fact, a woman who uses that, on the contrary, the eyes become brilliant and bright, while the longer lashes make a marked improvement in the appearance.

## "Old Soc" of the Tower

"WHY do we call him 'Old Soc'?" remarked the warden of the Tower of London. "Well, Soc is short for 'Socrates' and the old duffer is so wise that nothing else seems to fit."

"Not but what he hasn't had plenty of time to learn. He was the pet at the Tower long before I was appointed warden, and he's still as fat so far as I can tell. They live to be 100, you know."

The warden looked affectionately at the spindly raven, who measured fully two feet. His once glossy, black-black plumage was somewhat dulled now, but

ever knew how it happened—the old man had an accident with his gut. Discharged it, and shot himself, you know. Pretty badly hurt he was, too. But Soc was wise enough to see that he was needed. After having served his master for a minute, he flew rapidly toward the nearest house. All the folks round there knew the exact name of Soc. Old man Soc was well acquainted with the bird, who was never separated from the man. Feeling sure something was wrong, they permitted themselves to be guided by the bird to where the ex-warden lay wounded.



"OLD SOC" FED BY THE WARDEN

he was a spry old bird for one 60 years old.

Old Soc croaked his gratitude for the time when the warden passed to him and the team flitting reflectively at the bird, continued.

"The old fellow could tell many an interesting story, if he chose. And he well deserved his reputation for intelligence."

"When the warden before me was released because of age, he moved out to the tower, and the old master died."

"In the old days, the warden was very busy, the ex-warden did."

"And he pattered 'round as much as he was able to, even going on little tramps with his gun, always taking the raven along with him, of course."

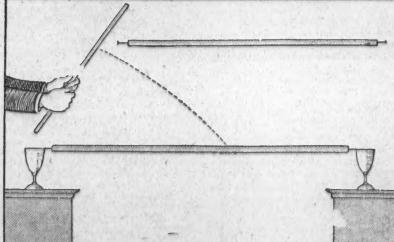
"Upon one of these occasions—no one

"The old man grew somewhat better, but they say the raven also did, and was soon able to eat anything. Then he seemed to remember his old home at the Tower. To our surprise, he disappeared in upon the roof, and was gone so long he never left, and he's been here ever since. Funny thing about it is that he seems to like only people—ain't fond of birds with feathers, though. Many birds have been treated by him over the years, and I suppose, and hasn't forgotten it."

Old Soc, who had been gravely listening, with his head cocked to one side, was now a fluttering pair to capture the last morsel of food from the warden. Then he nodded his head, as though he had been satisfied with great dignity toward the building.

"Knowing old bird!" commented the warden, and we agreed with him.

## UNBREAKABLE GOBLETS



Stick a needle into each end of a light wooden rod, and place the rod in the manner illustrated by the drawing.

For practice it would be well, first, to try a very light piece of wood—a matchstick, for example.





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**Alberta****Premier and**  
**Hail Insurance**

The following letters are to hand from J. E. Gustaf, who has taken a great interest in the proposed Hail Insurance Tax. The first letter is from Mr. Rutherford, the Prime Minister of the Province of Alberta. The following letter is from A. E. Partridge who is well known through his connection with the Grain Growers Association.

**PREMIER'S OFFICE.**

Alberta, 18th, Sept. 1908

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 4th inst. addressed to the Minister of Agriculture of the Province of Alberta, with reference to hail insurance, has been handed to me. The matter of the increased indemnity for loss by hail will be taken into consideration by the Government of this province.

Yours faithfully,  
A. C. Rutherford.Sintalata, Sask., Sept. 14th, 1908.  
J. E. Gustaf, Esq.

Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of Sept. 8th, I beg to state the Grain Growers Association carried a resolution afterwards resolved asking the Provincial Government to levy a tax of one cent per acre on all arable land in the province liable to taxation for the creation of a hail insurance fund.

So far as I remember no details as to manner of applying the funds to losses were presented or included in the resolution. The experience of the Provincial Government during the few years in which Government insurance has been in operation is that 15 cents per acre does not suffice to meet the losses, though the government system has been economically administered I believe. I understand that mutual companies have charged a considerably higher premium. In Manitoba for example, you will see that our new Hail Insurance Act (see enclosed) gives an option of insuring for \$1.50 per acre.

I may say that the law is arbitrary in that it does not permit crop to be insured for much larger amounts. There does not require the same safeguards against excessive insurance that loss by fire requires as no man can procure the loss of his crop by hail.

There is this weakness about the system of voluntary hail insurance even under governmental auspices, only the properties most liable to be haled are most commonly insured. This is not so, there are half haled, that is to say, there are two paths which summer storms most frequently follow and these are the strips of country most frequently afflicted with hail storms.

So long as we recognize private ownership in land, to be consistent, we ought to charge a higher premium on land where the risk of hail is greater. If a property is haled once the premium should be increased and the higher rate maintained for a number of years when if no further loss is sustained the premium should be reduced again. Ordinarily, however, the contrary should further inflation occur within so many years the premium should be further increased. This method would permit of a smaller rate being charged on all lands except these peculiarly liable to loss and this could make the insurance of land more liable to loss more frequent under a voluntary system, still further reducing the cost by spreading the risk. Such a distinction would moreover enable the government to inaugurate a system of double risks in the case of land that had suffered frequent loss without injustice to the owners of less exposed land, thus removing the chief objection to the government monopoly. Suppose the rate on a certain section to be fixed at 10¢ per acre for a \$3.00 insurance the government would assume a double risk for 20¢ paying \$6.00 per acre in case of complete loss. The less exposed land could also carry double insurance but at a lower rate and the more exposed at a still higher rate.

I urged the assessment of one cent an acre not to replace this voluntary insurance but to pay the premium by the payment of one cent per acre for each person every person suffering total loss whether he had taken out further insurance with the government or not. Any of the fund not paid out in this way would then keep down the cost of the voluntary insurance. The absentee landholder i.e. the speculator

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